

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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London is equipping its firemen with suits of mineral wool. The material appears to be most admirably adapted to the purpose, being light, non-combustible, a non-conductor of heat, and in no way injured by water.

Some vegetarians in Germany have started a matrimonial agency and a matrimonial journal. The agency will not do business with a meat-eater. Some of the advertisements in the paper are entertaining. A workingman who "knows his own aims in life" wishes to meet "a free vegetarian who is prepared for a fruit diet and emigration." "Honest poverty" wants "a vegetarian lady with a childish disposition and a good landed estate," and "a vegetarian maiden who does not want to live alone" will surrender "a faithful heart" to a young man who "is willing to live by the fruits of the earth."

The report of the sanitary inspector of the city of Glasgow indicates that the killing of the horse for food has evidently become quite extended as a business in Scotland. That document, after stating that the so-called Horse Flesh act, requiring all knackers and sellers of horse meat to take out a license, has been strictly obeyed throughout Glasgow, and that no sellers have applied for a license, sets forth that two knackeries are located in that city alone and that they do a good business. Their products are exported to Antwerp. Other large places in Scotland are supposed to have slaughterhouses devoted to the same animal.

The monument to Garibaldi in Milan is said to look better than was expected. The bronze figure on horseback has a calm and resolute aspect. He is unsheathing his sword, and wears the traditional poncho and Hungarian cap. He is represented as he looked when in the prime of life, during the campaign of 1860. The horse is a majestic animal. To right and left are two bronze groups: "Revolution" leaning on a lion, and "Liberty" sheathing her sword after having conquered the tiger, symbolizing "Tyranny," which lies at her feet. At the round the granite base of the monument are placed shields inscribed with the names of Garibaldi's principal victories. The inscription is simply "To Giuseppe Garibaldi—Milan."

Churches on wheels are a feature of one department of the religious work of the American Baptist Publication Society. Four evangelistic railroad cars are in service, and a fifth is soon to be added through the efforts of the good people of Detroit. The first car was placed in commission five years ago. Its success was so manifest, and the amount of good accomplished so great, that another was added the following year, and one has been added every year since. The cars go to towns which have no churches, and when side-tracked services are conducted by two missionaries. The cars have the right of way on all the railroads of the country, and conductors everywhere have orders to attach them to any and all trains on the request of the missionaries in charge. No charge is made, and some of the railroads even supply heating and lighting.

M. Mantois, a Paris astronomer, proposes what he terms as "a trip to the moon," as the crowning point of the exhibition of 1900. As he cannot carry passengers to the moon, he plans to bring the moon down to the people by the construction of an immense telescope that will annihilate the 240,000 miles between that planet and this, holding the moon off at a distance of six miles for convenient observation. The telescope projected would be about 200 feet in length, with an objective glass 4 1/2 feet in diameter. The colossal tube will be placed horizontally, and the image of the moon will be reflected by what is termed a mirror plane, 6 feet in diameter and 15 inches thick. The astronomers calculate that with an apparatus of these dimensions it would be possible to discern easily objects the size of the London Notre Dame cathedral towers, and to distinguish the evolutions.

The Supreme court of New Hampshire has recently made an interesting decision concerning the responsibility of hotel keepers for the safety of the property of their guests. Two citizens of Lancaster in that State were guests of a hotel and while there lost their hats. They claimed that it was the hotel keeper's place to make good the loss, and as he declined to do so sued him to recover the value of their lost property. It was shown that they left their hats upon the hat-rack while dining, and that they did not for several hours after dinner concern themselves about their property. The court decided that a hotel proprietor can only be held responsible for the safety of guests' hats while they are eating unless the hats are left in the office, like other property, and as the hats lost were not left in the office the proprietor of the house was not responsible for their safety and not liable to damages on account of their loss.

QUEER PRAYING. "Heavenly Father, let peace reign throughout our borders. Yet may we be quick to resent anything like an insult to this our nation." So prayed the Rev. Henry H. Couden in the house of representatives at the opening of congress.

It is not surprising to read that the preacher who thus prayed was one of the most prominent and persistent in the disgraceful lobbying for the chaplaincy which went on before the opening of congress. He got the place, and he showed his fitness for it in the petition quoted above. He had made himself "solid" enough with the members to get chosen chaplain and it looks as if he wanted by his prayer to make himself still more "solid" with them and to impress the country. There is reason to think that his prayer was in accordance with public sentiment, but there is no doubt about the bad taste of it. He would have done much better to pray only for peace and leave the stirring up of the war spirit to the politicians and the newspapers. Even if his prayer for quick resentment is apparently abundantly answered, and the indications are that it may be, the impropriety of it will not be lessened.

THE GOUNOD SOCIETY.

A few years ago many of the people of New Haven didn't know what the Gounod Society was, and some of those who knew what it was didn't know how to pronounce its name. Now most of the people know what the Society is, and the few who can't correctly pronounce its name will probably never learn to, and must be given up as hopeless. The Society has done a great and useful work and has done it steadily and persistently in the face of many discouragements, including such powerful ones as inadequate finances, and more than adequate lack of public interest. But, happily, the days of such discouragements appear to be past. The Society did not lower its standard in its time of struggling, but kept bravely and hopefully at its self-appointed task. As a consequence the people have grown to an interest in and an appreciation of its work which make it certain that as long as the Society is animated by the spirit which has animated it, and as long as its public performances are managed with the same worthy intent, skill and good taste that have hitherto characterized them there will be no lack of public support. The Gounod concerts have become a notable feature of New Haven life, pleasant to look forward to, entertaining and cultivating to attend, and delightful to remember. The one next week bids fair to surpass any that has been given and to add a conspicuous and glorious triumph to the Society's noble record of triumphs. The public interest in it is great, and the indications are that that interest will be amply rewarded. The Society richly deserves the reward of public favor and patronage which it will receive. It has aimed high, it has worked with noble purpose and enthusiasm, and has accomplished much that is beneficial and elevating to this community.

SOME CENTRALIZATION.

The question, can revenue collectors be obliged to produce their records in State courts, or to permit their deputies to give evidence in cases where special taxes are alleged to have been paid, especially in communities where traffic in liquor is prohibited, has long been a debated one. It was raised recently before Judge Williams of the United States district court of the district of Kansas, a prohibition State. A subpoena issued for a deputy collector was quashed in the State court so far as it required the production of the office records, but the collector was ordered by the court to testify regarding the alleged application for a special stamp made by the accused. On his refusal he was committed for contempt. A writ of habeas corpus was sued out, and ruling on this Judge Williams held that Congress has given to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, without qualification, the power to make and enforce upon his subordinate officers all reasonable regulations in the matter of internal revenue. To secure the enforcement of the regulation of the commissioner forbidding the disclosure of the contents of the records in the offices of the various collectors of internal revenue, it is necessary not only to protect the officers from producing the records, but from divulging statements from which such records are made. Internal revenue officers are not subject to the orders of the State courts when obedience to such orders would require such officers to disclose the rules and regulations established by the general government.

and clutter attics. "Waste not, want not."—A penny saved is a penny earned," these were once household words, and it was a very shrewd and thrifty Yankee who did not adopt them as rules for daily guidance. The maximum of "Poor Richard's Almanac," a text-book in many homes, and a work that a later generation condemns as educating the New Englander to close and sharp and scheming habits of mind, was certainly very influential in inducing thrifty, saving, prudent ways of living.

FASHION NOTES.

Wraps for Two Ones.

The accompanying picture shows the latest style in wraps for tots, and it was sketched in expensive materials. That's a fault that is common to all new fashions in dress, that same expensiveness, but the fond mother, whose purse isn't long enough to buy all the new rigs that are offered for her little daughter can easily copy this garment and do it inexpensively. Of course Wee Toddlekens must be in the mode and the gretchen coat is all out of fashion this year, though its tiny wearer had very little wear out of it last year, and it would be a shame to throw it away or to encourage vanity in the child by getting her a new one, just because last year's is a little old style. Something must be done to it! Why, the sleeves are so small and collapsed-looking that Wee Toddlekens herself



feels deeply the humiliation of wearing such a garment. So, let's put a cape on it!

If the cloth cannot be matched, buy something that contrasts artistically. Let the cape set out well at the shoulders, and come low enough, front and back, to hide the now unfashionable gretchen cut of the cloak. That a final touch of elegance may be given to allay suspicions of remodeling, over-lap the cape with heavy lace, set on so that the joining is not discernible. The sleeves that are stumpy and collapsed will perhaps do if they are relieved with good stiff percaleine or, if that will not do, then bravely set in at the shoulder a pointed piece that will set the puff of the sleeve further down and give to it just that much more fullness. Of course, this point will not be shown because of the cape, but it can be made of material like that used for the cape, and be covered with lace, so if it does show it will pretend to be meant to be so with a good grace.

The garment will be modish enough now to make Wee Toddlekens feel that she can wear it without undue embarrassment and distress, even if the little girl over the way has a really new coat. Let Toddlekens have a flaring poke bonnet, all edged with fur about the brim, teach her that fine clothes don't make a lady dear, and she will be as happy as can be. Maybe the little girl over the way will think it is a new coat, and then Toddlekens will experience very early in her career a joy economy that is difficult of attainment.

THE FLEETING SHOW.

Some of Its Facts and Fancies. (Written for the JOURNAL AND COURIER, CONCERNING HOARDINGS.)

Among the many and varied experiences of Diadema there came to her, once upon a time, the necessity for the complete upsetting and setting up again of her household goods. No corner nor cranny of the house could be neglected; no remotest nook be left unexplored; no trunk left unopened, no bandbox but must be turned upside down and whacked for the thorough emptying of its contents. And everything of real, or of sentimental value, (which is perhaps as real as any), must be stored away in as close compass as possible, in spaces that were well filled before.

So it came to pass that many forgotten things were brought to light, and many unremembered things revealed, aside against some moment of every day's usage seemed to multiply themselves with a clarity that only fell short of the miraculous.

How to dispose of all her goods and chattels was a serious problem. It occupied all Diadema's waking hours, with unfortunately, some hours that should have been devoted to needed repose. It is not so difficult a thing to "make two blades of grass grow where one has grown before, and if the man who does it is a public benefactor," what shall be said of the woman who induces two bulky pieces of furniture to occupy one and the same spot, in defiance of the well-known law of physics? But with her solution of the puzzle the public have nothing to do, nor are they interested in her trials with plausible but unreliable hirelings; her dealings with junk and rubbish gentlemen, and her many and rain-bow-hued contusions, touching souvenirs of her victories over material things. But what impressed her most, and this she does not mind revealing, was the evidences of the prudence, the careful saving, the thoughtful provision for possible future needs that characterized so many New Englanders of generations passed away. There was a mass of things to be dealt with that, of trifling value at the most, had long been laid aside against some moment of need that had never yet arrived. "The want of a thing is more than the worth of it"—this was the adage that used to stuff boxes and drawers, crowd closets,

and clutter attics. "Waste not, want not."—A penny saved is a penny earned," these were once household words, and it was a very shrewd and thrifty Yankee who did not adopt them as rules for daily guidance. The maximum of "Poor Richard's Almanac," a text-book in many homes, and a work that a later generation condemns as educating the New Englander to close and sharp and scheming habits of mind, was certainly very influential in inducing thrifty, saving, prudent ways of living.

It was worth while, years ago, when most useful implements were far-fetched and dear-bought, to be saving. Newspapers were few and far between, books were costly, and it was a sensible thing to store them in the attic against a literal "rainy day." All odds and ends had a value that they have not now, when almost everything we want is well and cheaply made here in our own country, and machinery turns out a hundred articles to the hand-craftsman's one. Thus we are losing the faculty of saving and we lose into rubbish barrel or waste basket daily the things that our grand-parents would have religiously added to their hoardings. They were wise in their day; are we not wiser in ours?

Many things that Diadema unearthed in her explorations had been hoarded simply because of their possibilities. Here was a box of var-colored yarns and wools. The carpet might need darning—some day. Here, calicoes for patchwork, saved for the employment of leisure hours that never came to the worker. Here, tiny scraps of cloth. One might tear a little hole in a garment, and it would be wasteful to cut from a large piece the bit wherewith to mend it. But the garments were worn out years and years ago. There, a box of broken china—saved to be mended when one could find a cement that would "bear hot water." Also, the time to "putter" with it. Fringes and glimpses of passe styles; lace too tender to be handled; papers, papers and papers—the kind you read and the kind you paste on walls. Tiny candlesticks used when New Haven's homes and public buildings were illuminated in honor of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable. Sometime a Pacific cable might be laid. Then they could be brought to light again. Old battered hammers, and chisels with a corner broken off. Better ones might be lost or stolen. Nails and screws that had been used only once. They might be needed for a second or even a third term of service. Rolls of corrugated paper—so handy if you want to put a bottle of cologne, let us say—in your traveling bag. A curious medley, it was, and it struck dismay to Diadema's soul. What should she, what could she do with them?

Then there were other things that came under the head of relics. Antiquarian letters, letters that were written "enduring of the war," and others far, far older. Homely iron fire dogs, honorable only for their antiquity; well-worn cards for carding fax; an ancient bellows, wheezy and ineffectual; a battered foot-stove, such as colonial dames carried to the meeting house on bladders and Sunday, and queer old fire boards, painted on canvas, one known to have been made in 1820 by a lad of seventeen, whose mother's heart was thrilled with joy and pride at the gift of it. And there was the cover of the wooden box—minus the box. But on the inner side of this cover was delicately and beautifully cut a little ship with all sails flying. In the early youth of this old and dying century the sailor lad who carved it sailed away and returned no more.

Every man has on hand went down, Every man aboard her!"

The sentimental value of these useless chattels was too much for Diadema, and she put them all carefully away under the attic eaves. She fancied that in the darkness and loneliness they whispered together, comparing notes and impressions, and telling stories of their youth, and of the people they used to know. She fancied, too that the tales they could tell would be quite as interesting as those narrated by more beautiful and valuable relics, in more comfortable quarters, and she longed to hear their reminiscences of days long past, and of her forebears long since returned to dust.

And the little strands of yarn, the spools of faded silk, the hammers, the screws and nails, the whalebones and the buttons? Well, she put back a great many of those, too. "The want of a thing is more than the worth of it, and perhaps some of them will come in handy—some day."

HILARY.

MORAL.

Nan-Kitty, is that an immoral book you are reading? Kitty—No, indeed; this book was written by a man—Chicago Record.

Landlady—That new lodger needn't try to make me think he's a bachelor. He's either married or a widower. Millings—How can you tell? Landlady—He always turns his back to me when he opens his pocketbook to pay his board.

A Rising Man.—Parrot—Our friend, Dr. Lotion, is becoming quite a fashionable physician. Wiggins—Yes, indeed; where a couple of guineas' worth of medicine used to cure a case, he now prescribes a trip to the Riviera.—Tit-Bits.

The One Thing Wanted.—Mr. Ballou—What would you like me to buy you for Christmas? Mrs. Ballou—Well, there are a thousand and one things, dear, that I want. "But—er—what is the one thing?" "Oh, that is a sealskin cape!"—Puck.

After the Rehearsal.—Author—By the way, Deepvoice, there is a point to which I should like to call your attention. Deepvoice (the villain)—Yes, Your Honor—Where I make the heroine say to you, "Do your worst!" I do not intend the remark to be a stage direction in regard to your acting.—Truth.

within a stone's throw of the railway station, and now I've got to rig up some plan for throwing that stone.—Tit-Bits.

Poor Papa—Mamma and baby returned from a walk. "Oh," says mamma to her husband, "Such good news, Baby talks. He has just said his first word."

"Really." "Yes, just fancy. We were in the Zoological Gardens, standing before the monkey cage, when Baby cried out, 'Look at papa.'"—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"I like you, Mr. Lake," the maiden blushingly admitted, "but I hate to leave papa and mamma." "Goodness gracious, girl!" exclaimed Mr. Lake, of Chicago, in his breezy way. "Haven't they had the pleasure of your company for more than twenty years?" And now when I ask you to be my wife for me be a year or two you go and kick!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Cannibots was inspecting the new gaiters worn by the light infantry. Seeing one that was badly fastened, he took the wearer to task.

"Look here! I'll send my nurse to button it on to you."

"Quite unnecessary, general; I see her every day."

And Cannibots burst out laughing.—Journal de Rouen.

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IN

Response to numerous inquiries WHY Ladies' Gloves do not come in as good qualities as Men's, we would say that we now have four grades,—identical with our BEST grades of Men's,—at \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50.

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IMPORTING TAILOR.

handsome and strong, from 39c up.

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Only 600 of them.

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Elegant 8-button length Mosquitare Suede in Real Kid Gloves, every pair warranted, \$1.25 value for 79 cents

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Veilings from 15c yd., with all the latest novelties at low prices.

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Keep the boy warm! A stout, stylish

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Suits, double breasted Suits

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Fine English Breakfast Tea, 35 cts per pound, 3 lbs for \$1.00

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Take Your Wife

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A call and find the odd little gift you are looking for. Nowhere else in town can be found such novelties. Mexican Work, Mo-saics, Agate, bits of Silver, Japanese Curios, Carved Work, (whole lots of) Chinese Porcelains, queer Musical Instruments, genuine old Blue Delft, Staffordshire Plates, Cups, Pitchers, Toupas, beautiful Silver, Brass and Copper Candlesticks, Snuffers, Quaint Boxes and Trunkettes, lovely Antique Carved Mahogany Tables, Chairs, and Bureaus and Side-boards, Desks, Highboys, Lowboys, Tea Tables, etc.

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